

NEW YORK

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK

VOL. XV., No. 382.

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Price Tree C

A False View.

A journalist who takes up his pen to write should have well in hand the brief of the subject he proposes to treat; otherwise he may fall into pits and fail to be the guide, philosopher and friend which are the principal requirements of his vocation. For instance, a leading editor starts forth in a recent communication to make it appear that what he calls the assumption that our native authors cannot get a hearing and find a market in the face of the flood of cheap foreign reprints, is unfounded. The facts, he confidently asserts, show that it is not, and by way of driving on his *supersedeas*, he avers that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had no difficulty in getting a hearing. The hearing was so much as this—that the writer of this article has more than once seen the *National Era*, of Washington, in which the story was first published as a serial, with no one sufficiently interested and enterprising to pick it off the floor.

As a book proper it got no hearing; it was as a partisan pamphlet under cover, falling into the heavy current of the slavery and fugitive slave law excitement of the times, that carried it along with a sweep. Our journalist brings forward as his next example of literary success Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, he asserts, never lacked for publishers or readers. Here our recusant editor is again badly off the track. Mr. Hawthorne has himself asserted, in one of his prefaces, that he was for twenty years the most obscure author in America; and the writer well remembers when the afterward famous author had in all New York City a little circle of admirers—perhaps half a dozen in number—and was glad to put off his tales and sketches in gilt annuals and casual magazines.

To further his negative proposition, our commentator, as proof of the fortunes made by American authors, brings forward as examples of merchantable work Josh Billings, Nasby, Twain and Bill Nye. Everybody knows that not one of these can be named as an author in a strict or standard sense. They all belong to the eccentric school, and gifted as they may be acknowledged to be, their achievements are rather those of the bare-backed rider and the back somersault in the hippodrome than Cæsar entering Rome riding in his chariot of triumph, returned from great victory and loaded with the splendid spoils of lawful war.

If what we have cited and treated in detail is to be exploited as the ground for the rejection of international copyright law, we advise Roscoe Conkling to give up his logic and Chief Justice Waite to leave the high bench of equity and engage in some cross-road court house where petitfogging pleas are acceptable and he is accounted a rising lawyer who pours out his sophisms most fluently from the wagon-tail and the barrel-head.

Past, Present and Future of Song.

In art, as in all else, there is constant change. The great law of evolution obtains in things poetic as in things material, and thought cannot stay still any more than the great globe, on whose periphery we live, move and have our being, can cease its whirl and stand in fixed silence and cold obstruction. Therefore the forms of art—and we use the term in its broad sense as applying to all modes of adorning the reality of things, and not as absurdly restricted to its pictorial aspect—the forms of art being subject to the law, must change like all other forms, and what was once a step in advance must be passed and left behind by the pushing, jostling crowd of new ideas. The art of singing is no exception to the general rule. Beginning with the rude nasal chant common to all inchoate humanity, and to be heard to-day among our own Indian tribes just as it sounded to the ears of the nude blue-tattooed Picts of Britain in the long ago, the vocal art slowly developed into that smooth-flowing, liquid stream of sweetest melody which the Italians call *bel canto* (beautiful song). This was the form of art in singing that made the names of Farinelli, Caffarelli, Mara, Grisi, Rubini, Mario and Tamburini illustrious. Its great beauty consisted in the perfect placing of the voice, not in the palate like the French, nor in the diaphragm like the Germans, but exactly where Nature herself put it, under the spot where the chest ends and the throat begins—in other words, just where a lady's brooch is fastened. Besides this placing of the voice, the art of *bel canto* taught the smooth emission of sound without cracking or trembling. No singer was accounted worthy of his calling who could not take any note in his register in a soft, sweet whisper, increase the volume

of tone by insensible degrees till the air vibrated in sympathetic waves of sound, hold the note firmly for a minute and then decrease in the same just proportion, and this without break or wavering. This feat of vocalism was called "spinning the voice—(*filando la voce*)—and is the most charming effect possible to the singer. Next to the placing and the spinning of the voice was esteemed the clear enunciation of the words, so that each syllable was clear cut as a crystal bead, and fell upon the ear like the words of a well-trained speaker, never sacrificing sense to sound, but joining both in harmonious union. Then came the smooth passing from one note to another, which is the groundwork of volubility and what is called "execution." After that came the "grace notes," such as trills, turns and the like, the study of which was a life-long

This was the school of the past, and it

Wagner's operas and those of his imitators stands in the place of the lecturer at a panorama. They describe—they do not act. Formerly the heroes and heroines on the stage told their own story; now the band tells it for them, to those who have mastered the mystic speech of instruments. And the singer sings no more. He simply shouts didactically. This is the evolution of song—but whether it be advancement or degradation is a matter of opinion. Certainly the new is not so delightful as the old, although it be more aesthetic and appeal more to the initiated than to the common crowd of humanity, which, after all, is the one that rules, by virtue of majorities. Therefore, it is quite possible that vocal art may "throw back" and begin again at the beginning.

Liszt in London.

going in and out among us, every rule of courtesy suggests that not a word should be said calculated to annoy him. The struggle of conflicting "schools" will lose nothing by a short truce, during which we can all "present arms" to an old leader who belongs to the days that are no more rather than to our own.

In his St. Elizabeth the composer relies upon short, detached phrases, which often have no apparent relation one with another. An analogous state of things is observable in the harmonic progressions, from which natural affinity, as a determining factor, seems to be in great part banished. On the other hand, we sometimes find among the orchestral interludes with which the work is studded, a single idea of no very obvious importance, spun out in sequence to an inordinate length. I am not now mentioning these facts by way of complaint. They may be errors—that is, beside the question of present—but if so, then we



TELLULA EVANS.

reigned undisputed till the advent of Verdi, in whose operas declamation began to displace continued melody and delicacy to yield to force. A good chest voice, well developed, was capable of giving effect to this new departure in song, and the careful study of the *bel canto* began to decline. A singer was taught how to give forth all the voice that was in him; furnished with half a dozen of the current operas of the day, and launched upon the world as a vocalist, when in truth he was only a roarer. This is the school of the present, and it gives signs of a still more eccentric evolution in the time to come. Wagner has out-declaimed Verdi, has dropped the *bel canto* altogether, and left nothing for the singer to do save to bellow a rhythmical description of the dissolving views exhibited by the orchestral department, which is in reality the true exponent of the dramatic and lyric thought intended to be represented. The singer in

THE MIRROR as follows: Musical London is just now Liszt-mad. The oratorio of the great Hungarian musician, The Legend of St. Elizabeth, was performed at St. James' Hall last night to an overflowing audience. I must frankly confess I do not greatly admire the learned doctor's more pretentious works as much as I respect his genius in other ways. The aged composer of St. Elizabeth, the pianist with whom are connected so many traditions of greatness that had he lived when men were making to themselves gods he would have been elevated to Olympian rank; the historic figure which is a survival of an infinitely greater musical era than our own—in a word, Franz Liszt has come to England more as a public than a private guest. Venerable by reason of his years and honorable by right of distinction, he should command the respect even of those who find it impossible to approve his artistic principles. Therefore, while Liszt is

errors appertaining to a deliberately adopted and carefully carried out plan. In like manner, I may not be able to appreciate the effect but am bound to believe that it is precisely what the composer intended.

Dr. Liszt was fully engaged yesterday. In the afternoon he visited the Royal Academy of Music and heard a selection of pieces, including some of his own works, performed by the students. I am glad to say that native art was not without representatives on this occasion, the compositions of Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir G. A. Macfarren and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie being so drawn upon as to convince the eminent visitor that this land is not altogether barren. Dr. Liszt also heard a speech from the Principal, who made a "palpable hit" by comparing him to Wellington, first the victorious soldier, and then the exalted, if not very successful, statesman. The venerable pianist obligingly played a piece by

The Cincinnati Model

The Cincinnati *World* says: A new bill before the Ohio Legislature, the passage of which is confidently predicted, provides a penalty for Sunday dancing, and makes the owner, lessee or charge of any room, building, garden, or other amusement place instead of the actor or manager, conduct such place, as has been the rule. The bill is introduced by the Law and Order League.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

At the Theatres.

The adaptation of Pailleron's comedy, *Le Moulin l'en s'Envie*, which was produced at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday night under the title *Our Society*, scored an undeniably success. The piece is far and away beyond the average play of human device. It has more value than the ephemeral farces, the toothy, shallow bundles of complications such as have monopolized the stage of Daly's Theatre, for example. It is, in fact, a genuine comedy, depending for effectiveness upon bright dialogue and skilful character drawing instead of silly lines and boisterous situations. The work of localization has been very cleverly done by Clinton Stuart and Mrs. J. C. Ver Planck, who assisted in it somewhat. The plot of the original piece is adhered to quite closely, but, of course, to make the transfer from French to American society natural as well as artistic the characters have been infused with certain indigenous traits and peculiarities. The local atmosphere is really very good, and in this respect the adapters have succeeded beyond the ordinary point. Usually the attempt to localize a French play and its dramatic persona has bungling results. It is no easy matter to get rid of the essentially foreign conditions amid which a high comedy is modelled and carried out and substitute acceptable and natural American characteristics; but *Our Society* is a notable exception to the rule, for, save that it betrays an ingenuity of design and compactness of woe which we are not accustomed to expect from native playwrights, it might originally have been evolved from the brain of a writer who never set foot on the other side of the ocean. The piece is narrative rather than active. The first act is devoted almost exclusively to description and character-building, while only the last part of the second is enlivened with action. Nevertheless, so interesting are the people of *Our Society* as social studies, and so clever, and at times brilliant, are the lines, that the spectator is not sorry to dispense with something which merely satisfies the minor senses and enjoy the novelty of having his intelligence appealed to and mental faculties spurred.

The interest of the plot centres about Philip Van Pelt, a naval officer and explorer, and Sylvia Spencer, a young girl who is misinterpreted by everybody because of her outward show of wilfulness. Philip returns to his mother's home in Washington after a voyage to South America. He finds Sylvia, whom he left a child, budding into womanhood. Mrs. Van Pelt is a cold, ambitious creature whose bones is the reservoirs of legislators and officials, and who finds satisfaction in wire-pulling. Sylvia's godmother and Philip's aunt, Mrs. Katherine Spencer, is a sweet old woman who devotes her entire political projects and is bent on bringing Sylvia and Philip into matrimonial together and defeating Mrs. Van Pelt's plan of wedding her son to a fortune with Constance Grey, an icy specimen of Boston culture immediately taken on to it. As in *A Game of Chess*, the story hinges upon a letter, only in this case it is an anonymous message written in a disguised hand by Edmund Rose—an aesthetic humbug, who is pursued by the woman—to Constance, appealing to her at ten in the evening in Mrs. Van Pelt's conservatory, and advising her to give as an excuse for withdrawing from the company that she had the manuscript. Sylvia obtains this letter, and, thinking it has been written by Philip and intended for Constance, she tries to hide her anxiety under an assumed recklessness and levity. The mischievous letter is also read by Philip, his mother and Mrs. Spencer. They determine to test Sylvia, and they wait to see if she goes to keep the appointment. Mrs. a young married woman, Mrs. Tupper (who has been separated from her husband on account of the crowded condition of the house), goes to the conservatory announcing that she is suffering with neuralgia. In the same manner Constance and Sylvia respectively withdraw, the latter simply using the phraseology of the intercepted letter to sound Philip. Constance and among the plants of the conservatory Mrs. Van Pelt and Mrs. Spencer witness the meeting of Mr. and Mrs. Tupper, who have snatched the opportunity to be together, and at length Constance, who furnish an illustration of the practice of theoretical plannings. What they see and hear entirely reassures Sylvia, and, of course, she and Philip are betrothed, while the poet and the flower of Boston tradition are mated. To compensate Philip for the loss of an expected inheritance at the Smithsonian, Mrs. Spencer gives him heir to her large fortune.

Sylvia in the original is an illegitimate child whose life is clouded by the stigma upon her birth. In *Our Society* the asperity of her state is enhanced by making her the lawful daughter of a woman who has died after marriage. She is a romping, young person, half child, half woman, impulsive, warm-hearted and, like most operetta beings, misunderstood by nearly everybody. She is a free and honest spirit moving in an atmosphere of diplomacy, seduction and deceit. The character was most charmingly acted by Annie Russell, whom we are accustomed to see in parts of sweet naughtiness that her success in one of a totally opposite sort was a surprise. The personation was extremely natural throughout, and there were bits in it that showed rare keenness of perception and singular dramatic delicacy.

Miss Russell's work made a deep impression on the audience, and her exit just before the fall of the curtain on the second act evoked two recalls. Maud Harrison also made a hit as Mrs. Ferdinand C. Tupper, the bride who is sweet on her husband, but who, for his political advancement, represses her affection before people and quotes fabricated lines from Emerson and Carlyle. Miss Harrison was Chicagoan in everything except her feet, which twinkled prettily beneath her becoming gowns. The warmth of nature allied with the good common sense of a typical Western girl, who has no nonsense about her, were delightfully illustrated by this actress, who is unrivaled as the representative of Young America in particular. Miss Harrison was applauded lavishly.

The opposite role of Mr. Tupper was admirably handled by Walden Raynor. Tupper is a wealthy young man who has come to Washington from Harvard via Oxford. He shows his love of England and the English by affecting their dress, speech and manners. He is visiting a consignment abroad. The scenes where the fond husband and the adoring wife are separated to different rooms for their stay at Mrs. Tupper's is a decidedly funny experience of mutual hardship incurred by the young man in search of office. Herbert Kelcey was

the leather patch is still a powerful magnet at Harrigan's Park Theatre. One of Our Girls at the Lyceum is approaching the close of its long career, and Miss Daupray has the satisfaction still of playing to good houses. The Black Crook, which has had a very successful run, will give place at Niblo's next Monday to W. J. Scanlan in *Shane-na-Lawn*. The piece is to be presented in a more commendable manner in the matter of cast than attended its performance some months ago at another theatre in this city. *Evangeline* is nearing its end at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mr.

Moyné made the lecturer Rae an amusing study in hypocrisy, conceit and gilt-edged superficiality. E. M. Holland made little of another *poseur*, a dethroned favorite of the women of society and an empty-headed scientist. William Davidge in make-up was the type of the conventional Senator who plays poker and works mysterious political schemes for the betterment of himself, his friends, and almost everybody except the people. C. P. Flockton was particularly good as a crushed author with a tragedy, who is one of Mrs. Van Pelt's circle of more or less distinguished friends. Mrs. E. J. Phillips as the keen-witted and kindly old lady, Mrs. Spencer, and Virginia Buchanan as the ambitious Mrs. Van Pelt, were respectively excellent. May Robson, in the part of Constance, formed a capital picture of dispassionate shrewdness and frigid "superiority." Marie Greenwald was a pretty and gushing follower in the train of the poet. We always expect a strong and even cast on Manager Palmer's stage, and consequently the general efficiency of that presenting *Our Society* is not subject for special remark. The audience, which was large and fashionable, heartily enjoyed the piece and stamped it with emphatic approval. Owing to previous arrangements it can be kept on but two weeks.

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Theatre audiences in the Bowery were the greater sufferers by the street-car strike on Monday. The People's was about three-fifths full when the curtain rose on the first act of *A Midnight Marriage*. This romantic drama was seen at this house last season, when it was presented for the first time in New York. The play and the acting were then fully reviewed in these columns, and in general the performance was commended. The company supporting the stars, William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry, is not so strong as that of last season. W. F. Owen is sadly missed in the part of Comte St. Ange, the rollicking, boastful Gascon. Mr. Redmond was picturesque and virile as Comte De Langlet, the heroic Gascon lover. There is a smack of the old school in his performance that is rather refreshing and pleasing, so to say, in the recollections revived. On her first appearance, last season, Mrs. Barry, in the role of the heroine, Hortense de Guise, did not particularly impress *THE MIRROR* critic. But a closer view of her performance, on Monday night, developed many excellencies. Mrs. Barry is by no means the youngest of our stars of the gentler sex; but her art in make up and her stage experience are dexterously employed to make one forget her lack of youth. At times she betrays the possession of great abilities as a comedienne; indeed, strongly reminding one of Mrs. John Drew in her palmy days—which is no equivocal compliment to Mrs. Barry on the score of age. The lady has a trick of showing her profile to the audience while well up in front. It is a rather fine profile, and she may be excused for so doing. F. C. Huebner did very well in the thankless part of Claude de Guise, the tyrannical uncle of the heroine. W. M. Fairbanks suffered by comparison with his predecessor in the part of St. Ange, but his performance met with the favor of the audience. The other roles were in the hands of good, bad and indifferent actors. Next week one of the most successful melodramas of the season, *Alone in London*, will be presented.

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The production of Gilbert's charming fairy play, *The Palace of Truth*, at Wallack's Theatre, on Monday last, brought out an unexpected phase of talent in the company. It is one thing to act a part "straight," to "suit the action to the word and the word to the action," and quite another to act a part as King Dagobert wore his breeches, *à revers*—to play one thing and speak another—to make love in gesture and mock in words. This hard task was achieved, for the most part, well by Mr. Wallack's company—especially Kyle Belieu, who developed a gift for saying one thing and doing another that would do credit to Ananias himself. Annie Rose was pretty and interesting as Zeolide; Sophie Eyre impressive, though somewhat stagey, as Myrza; Kate Bartlett very nice and pretty as Azenia; and George Clarke and Ivan Shirley did the two countries fairly well. Mme. Poniat, as the Queen, was perfect, and Elton, although out of his natural element as King Pharia, made the audience laugh. The stage setting was superb. This play is taken almost word for word from a tale in Mme. de Gealis' "Veillées du Château" (Tales of the Castles), written by her for the amusement and instruction of the royal children of France. Even the speeches are conveyed almost literally, but the adaptation (More Gilbert) is cleverly done. The Captain of the Watch, which precedes the Palace of Truth, is cleverly acted.

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Effie Ellsler reappeared on Monday night in *Woman Against Woman*, and the Grand Opera House was filled. The melodrama was capital, acted and found abundant favor with the audience. Miss Ellsler showed no signs of her late illness and acted with the mingled power and tenderness that have distinguished her performance of Bessie Barton. Next week, Roberton and Crane in *The Comedy of Errors*.

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Irish Aristocracy at the Third Avenue Theatre is being given to good houses this week by the Gibson and Ryan company. These comedians humorously portray the leading parts and occasion a good deal of amusement for the visitors. Next Monday Hazel Kirke will be presented at this house.

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The Bandit King drew a fair house to the Windsor on Monday evening. Mr. Wallick and his horses appeared to give the gallery unbound satisfaction by their mutually intelligent performances.

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Dion Boucicault's return to the Star with *The Jilt* has been signalized by a good attendance. The comedy is acted by the same cast seen formerly. On Monday Fanny Davenport begins a fortnight engagement in an elaborate production of *Fedora*. A good deal of interest centres upon her re-entrance.

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Campbell will play *Hot Water* for two weeks after May 1, and then put on *Clio* for the summer.

The Musical Mirror.

The migration of *The Little Tycoon* from the Standard to the Fifth Avenue Theatre has had no injurious effect on the receipts. Indeed, the contrary seems to be the case. The tony choruses are as pleasing as before, and the stage effects have lost none of their charm. Annie Leaf, the new Violet, made a pronounced success, both as actress and vocalist. Her fine stage presence and her excellent voice left nothing to be desired in the playing or singing of the part.

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Pepita continues to draw crowded houses at the Union Square Theatre. J. M. Hill's enterprise and liberality in accepting and mounting this very elaborate operetta, combined with Edward Solomon's genius, as evinced in the charming music, are meeting with just reward. The house is always full, and the audience is always well pleased. Lillian Russell has quite regained her spirits, and sings with all her former beauty of voice and more than her former vivacity, compelling encore after encore. Her playing of the fiddle, as the Automaton, is very well done and very comical. Fred. Solomon keeps up his end as Cursaro unflaggingly. He has thoroughly fixed himself in public favor as a first-class singing comedian and capable musician. Jacques Kruger has arrived at making Pongo funny, but the fun is all his own. Alma Stanley comes next to the prima donna in public favor as Donna Carmencita, and Carrie Tutein comes in a good third as the saucy little soubrette who makes lots of fun with Cursaro. The band is excellent and the female chorus all that can be desired. We think, however, that the male department, especially the basses, might be strengthened to advantage.

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At the Casino, *The Gypsy Baron* runs contentedly along to full houses. When it will give place to the new London piece, *Erminie*, is not definitely settled yet. When the public tires of pretty pictures, pretty girls and pretty marches, will be time enough for a change. *Erminie* has made a certain success in London, and if it afford enough opportunity for the lavish getting up we are accustomed to see at the Casino, will probably repeat its hit over on this side.

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Mme. Judic and her associates gave one of their concerts "sui generis" on Sunday night at the Casino, and the words and the music "tripped lightly on the tongue," as usual. To write of these artists seriously as concert vocalists would be absurd, but as *gens de* singers of the French *café chantant* stripe they are of the best. The band, as was to be expected, was excellent in all the selections.

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Piaf and all the other amusements at Koster and Bla's pleasant music hall are as attractive as ever. We know of no more agreeable way to spend an idle hour than just to sit quietly down and enjoy the good things set before us in this palace of pleasure and ease.

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Carl Sobrino's concert was a very enjoyable one, and that sterling artiste, Mme. Zeiss, sang Mozart's great aria from *La Clemenza di Toto*, in admirable style, as, indeed, it is her wont to do. Sobrino's playing was excellent, and the orchestral selections very good indeed.

Brooklyn Amusements.

Tony Hart is at the Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, this week. He opened there last Monday night to a big house, and made a hit with Mr. Wallack's company—especially Kyle Belieu, who developed a gift for saying one thing and doing another that would do credit to Ananias himself. Annie Rose was pretty and interesting as Zeolide; Sophie Eyre impressive, though somewhat stagey, as Myrza; Kate Bartlett very nice and pretty as Azenia; and George Clarke and Ivan Shirley did the two countries fairly well. Mme. Poniat, as the Queen, was perfect, and Elton, although out of his natural element as King Pharia, made the audience laugh. The stage setting was superb. This play is taken almost word for word from a tale in Mme. de Gealis' "Veillées du Château" (Tales of the Castles), written by her for the amusement and instruction of the royal children of France. Even the speeches are conveyed almost literally, but the adaptation (More Gilbert) is cleverly done. The Captain of the Watch, which precedes the Palace of Truth, is cleverly acted.

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Fred. Ward closed a very successful engagement at the Lee Avenue Academy on the 17th.

The eight performances were attended by between 11,000 and 12,000 people. He immediately signed for New Year's week next season. This week the house is in possession of C. H. Smith's Double Uncle Tom's Cabin company. On Monday night the place was fairly filled. The woman and children sat the show through, and found much to laugh at. As usual, little Eva's death took right hold of their lachrymal machinery, and the briny fluid flowed copiously.

The ever charming Rosina Vokes and her English company began a week's appearances at the Brooklyn Theatre last Monday night. The bill was a triple one—in Honor Bound, My Milliner's Bill and the Pantomine Rehearsal—which was to be continued throughout the engagement. The house was fair. The whole cast of the first piece got a recall, and Rosina Vokes got two of them at the conclusion of *My Milliner's Bill*.

Shook and Collier tapered off their Storm-Beaten season in Brooklyn this week with eight representations, which began at the Grand Opera House last Monday evening. The number of spectators was not small, although it was the second, if not the third, appearance of the company this season—a fact which speaks volumes for this home of the melodrama.

Last Monday evening, Hyde and Behman had what they called the best bill yet. Sam Devere led the forces, with Hilda Thomas as a very attractive coadjutor. The quarter-sheets mildly style her the most enchanting vocalist on the American stage. She was an instantaneous favorite. The house was large.

At the People's Theatre, Leroux and Silvo's World's Minstrels had no trouble in making many people break the rules of Holy Week observance. Of the performance, however, the best that can be said is that it was not the worst of its kind.

N. S. Wood, in *Jack Harkaway*, looked at many empty benches at the Standard Museum. The boy actor is getting a trifle musty, but he has admirers galore at the museums in Brooklyn.

Called Back, by "special permission" of Kate Claxton, was shown at the Grand Museum. Original scenery and costumes were announced.

Duff's Standard Theatre Mikado was seen by a handful of people at the Academy of Music last Monday evening. It was the company's second engagement.

NOTES.

The Amateur Opera Association are to repeat *The Mikado*, by request, April 28.

The seventh, and the last but one, of the Philharmonic concerts was heard on the 17th.

Jane Stuart, who was successful as a debutante in *The Lily of Yeddo* recently, is the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. M. A. Holland, well-known in Brooklyn and Washington.

The American Opera company closed its Brooklyn season 15th to a packed house. London was the opera.

A Spring season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera will be started at the Criterion Theatre next Monday with *Patience*. Dora Wiley is to be in the cast.

The war between the Criterion Theatre and the bill-posters continues. Nothing but affrays and arrests are talked about. The police were called in as arbitrators on last Monday, but in vain. At last accounts the bill-posters were getting up to be put up for an indefinite time.

Knowles and Morris, of the Grand Opera House, deny that Harrigan has cancelled his dates with them for next month. Their season will not close till June 15.

George F. Rowe's *Lily of Yeddo* achieved a very good success at the Criterion last week. Rowe, who played the hero, agreed with *THE MIRROR*'s criticism of his play, in that he made changes in the last act, as *THE MIRROR* pointed out should be done.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Giddy Gusher.

I have no doubt but I can promise some of the young female idiots of my acquaintance chunks of Dixey's discarded Directoire costume, fragments of his old tights and the stump ends of sticks of grease-paint. This is great news for some friends of mine.

"I was there his last night," said a pretty girl. "It was splendid, but so sad. After the performance we stayed—Ma and I—and stayed, and hung on, for we heard the noise behind, and hoped to see him once more. But when he came forward with a scatello in his hand, I quite broke down, for he looked then as if he was just leaving."

Imagine Dixey in that costume, with that bag, going up the gang-plank! My young friend sobbed and went on.

"You know Dixey, Miss Gusher?"

"I enjoy that inestimable privilege."

"Shall you see him before he leaves?"

"I think more than likely."

"Oh, my dear friend, will you ask him for something—something he has worn—that I may not be utterly desolate and alone during his absence?"

"I will."

This girl voiced the desires of half a dozen more just like her, and as a philanthropist I ask you, Henry Adonis, to send to THE MIRROR office an old pair of pants suitable to cut up into souvenirs, and any locks of hair you can spare from your wigs. Let us assuage as much of this grief as we can.

I have assisted at the departure of several idols. When Rignold left this country I was on the ship in company with that rugged old patriot, Marie Brabrook, Rignold's wife. Rignold was not pretty without his blond-banged wig and out of the range of a calcium. He was unshaven that morning; had been up with the boys all night; but the girls just spooned all over him.

Pacing up and down with an elderly gentleman were two lovely girls, one of them giving way to great emotion.

"Poor thing!" thought I. "Either she is going alone or the other two are going without her—she is so miserable."

Rignold began opening wine for a large party, and the distressed damsel drew near me. Presently she plucked my sleeve and said:

"You have a kind face; you look like a woman who loves her fellow-creatures. Oh, will you—will you—present me to—George?"

The girl wept copiously. The all-shore bell began to ring.

"What's your name, Maria?" I asked at the top of my voice, as the row was deafening.

"Celia Silly," sobbed the girl.

"Come on, Silly," cried I. "Rignold, old man, put up your duke and shake this young woman's."

Bluff and hearty Rignold seized the girl's hand and shook it warmly.

She fell back in the arms of the old gentleman, and they carted her, in a half-fainting condition, over the gang-plank.

I met that girl often thereafter, and we got to be well acquainted. A year after Rignold left she married the old gentleman I saw her with first, and she has a daughter to-day ten years old. But she wrote me this week the following note, which I publish verbatim:

DEAR FRIEND: I come to you, knowing well you will grant my request, if possible. I earnestly desire some memento of Dixey. Should you be in his dear presence before he sails, will you get his handkerchief, or anything he has laid his hand on, and I will send you a box of the handsomest handkerchiefs I can buy.

Yours in sorrow, CALIA.

Henry Adonis, send me a wife, and do lay your hand on it to enhance its value. Remember the pants, and don't forget the hair.

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The Usher.

Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Mr. Rice asks me to print the verses of fare, well written to Henry Dixey and read by the author at the Bijou on Saturday night. Here they are.

For those kind affections speak.
I bid God-speed to the brave Harry,
And but for one brief moment seek
Thy well-aimed shafts of mirth to parry,
Ere yet a sad unsweet air
Pervade this temple of light laughter,
To wish them all the radiancy rare
Of golden suns through days hereafter.

With them we've smiled, with them we've chirked,
With them we've capered, romped and chucked;
Thy throne not soon shall be usurped,
Since for thy fight our swords we've buckled.
We send thee o'er the raging sea
Just long enough to give the British
A taste of that gay quality.
That man is a veritable skittish.
Go, my right, and man at thou shake
Staid English sides with beaks uprooted,
Until the drowsiest awake
Into a state of rapture glorious.
And may—oh, noble thought and vast!—
The chronicle of thy mad capers
Inuse some merriment at last
Into their weekly comic papers.

Go, then, brave Harry, yet we'll cling
To t'other end of friendship's tether,
And draw thee back on speedy wing
To joys like those we've shared together.
May'st thou recall the ringing cheer
Which nobly in approval thundered
Through years (as marked by souvenirs)
Just gone little less than a hundred;
And, as a sposon at thy side,
Until Life's setting sun giv' bed-ward,
May'st thou remain—thy friend and guide.
Thine impresario—daunt!—as Edward.
May British hearts that are so large
That they have room for love and ample,
Receive thee, Harry, in their charge.
As Yankee-land's most gorgeous sample.

And now, adieu—the task were bold
To give regret an untoward token.
For though we had a thousand-fold
More speech, the word were still unspoken,
To fitly garb the saddening thought
With which our fervent hearts are smiting,
To-night's fair scene of woe is fraught
With all the bitter pain of parting.
Yet buoyant with the glad belief
That triumph dulls the t'oth of sorrow.
We'll let our love surmount our grief,
And hail, with thee, thy bright to-morrow.

New York, April 17.

I wonder what the English comic journals will say to the doubts cast upon their character?

* * *

On the night before Henry Tissington died he dropped into Jacques Kruger's dressing-room, at the Union Square, for a chat. "I cannot help thinking," said he, "that there will be another death soon among the old 'uns in the theatre. Parselle and Morse went off suddenly—those things always go by threes. I wonder who'll be the next—perhaps me!"

* * *

Robert Mantell is not engaged to support Fanny Davenport next season. She has selected another English leading man, who is especially qualified to play the opposite roles in her extensive repertoire. Mantell has made no engagement yet, although he has received offers from Rose Coghlan and Genevieve Warde. He says he has just concluded arrangements to go to "Frisco for a short season under Hayman's management, to appear in *The Lady of Lyons* and *The Marble Heart*. He has given up all ideas of starring. He goes abroad in July to shoot in Scotland with the Duke of Argyll.

Closed Once More.

On last Saturday evening the Comedy Theatre closed its doors for the present, although but one week of the fortnight for which Dan Sully's Corner Grocery was booked had been completed.

"There is really nothing to say about our stopping," said Alex. Comstock, the young manager who had taken hold of the house when George C. Brotherton had virtually given up the fight, "except that we did all we could and must declare ourselves beaten. I question if ever an attraction on Broadway was billed better than ours was by Mr. McCloy and myself, and yet for all that the business was only fair. I don't know of anybody who is going to take the theatre, but I don't see how it can ever be made a paying house until it is brought down to the ground floor, and that seems almost impracticable."

The Dromios' Season.

"Robson and Crane have done splendidly with *The Comedy of Errors*," said Joseph Brooks to a MIRROR reporter, "their average receipts having gone beyond \$6,000 every week. Next week we open at the Grand Opera House for two weeks, closing our season on May 25. The comedians will spend the summer at their homes in Cohasset, Mass., and will open their next season at the Grand Opera House in this city on Sept. 13, with the same cast as was seen in the play at the Star Theatre."

"Will there be any addition to the repertoire next season?" was asked.

"Yes; we are to add *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced in the same grand style as was *The Comedy of Errors*. We are led to this by the great success achieved this season. Robson will play the Host and Slender, while Crane will be seen as Falstaff. There will be several additions to the company, for we also

intend to add to the repertoire *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Twelfth Night* and other plays."

A Great Concession.

Nearly all, if not all, the theatres of this city will close their doors on Good Friday. This result was quietly brought about through the efforts of a well-known Catholic clergyman. Opinions on the movement pro and con have been collected by MIRROR reporters, and are presented below:

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was seen by a MIRROR representative at his residence, No. 101 Fifth avenue, and when asked for his opinion on the universal closing of the theatres in this city on Good Friday night, said: "I am in favor of all persons keeping Good Friday who really believe that they can please God in that way. I am also in favor of allowing all people who wish to enjoy themselves on that day to do so in their own way. I think that if there be a God, it would be more pleasing to him to have one of his children happy in a theatre on Good Friday than miserable in a church. The stage is better than the pulpit, and I like actors better than I do preachers. The Catholic Church and the Episcopal Church, the latter bearing the same relation to the former that chicory does to coffee, are both trying to fasten a lot of forms and observances only fit for peasants and slaves. Let people keep Good Friday as they please! Why should a Catholic shut the theatre to me on that day any more than I should close the Cathedral to him? The essence of all religion is to interfere with the business and pleasure of other people."

Dion Boucicault spoke willingly of the closing movement, and said: "When a large class of people have strong scruples against certain things which they consider highly objectionable, I am quite willing to concede everything to their feelings. Yet it may appear strange that in all Roman Catholic countries such holy days as Good Friday, including Sundays, theatres are always best patronized, and that the days are in fact set apart for such performances. It is only in Puritan and evangelical countries that any objections of this kind arise. I object to Sunday performances on the ground that one day of the week should be set apart for rest. When a man rests his mind turns to contemplation, and religious exercises are very proper on that day. This is from a philosophical—not a religious—point of view. This philosophic view shows me that there must be a large part of the public who would consider it a kind concession if theatrical managers were to close their houses on such days as Good Friday and Christmas, and managers that court popularity might be inclined to do so. For my own part, I don't care a jot one way or the other.

"I really don't know whether it will make any difference with us. The people who observe the day wouldn't go to the theatre that evening, staying away just as they do in Lent. The Roman Catholic portion of the population support me very considerably, yet they do not come out in Lent, nor do I stop playing. There was a time when the London theatres closed during Lent. When I began my career, from 1840 to 1850, they closed on the Wednesdays and Fridays (fast days) in Lent, beginning with Ash Wednesday, which is even now a closed day in London. The shops do not close on Good Friday; therefore the only persons made to fast are theatrical people. I joined the rest with pleasure when I heard of this movement. Mr. Moss and myself will be out of pocket about \$500 each, for I shall pay my people just the same as though they played."

Henry French, manager of the Grand Opera House, when questioned on the subject, said: "It is not true that the question of bad business entered into the closing of my house on Good Friday, for we would have done a splendid business. The house has always done a good business on that night. My reason for closing is because Father Ducey, who is a personal friend of mine, asked me to, stating that all the other theatres were to shut their doors. Of course, we couldn't do anything but fall into line. Since having given my promise to close I have thought the matter over, and I don't think that I will ever do it again. The class which observes the holy day strictly is very small, and when this thing once begins there is no knowing where it will end. Yesterday I was waited on by ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhofer, the well-known theatrical lawyer, who is of the Hebrew persuasion, and he stated that on next Yom Kippur he is going to have all the managers close their houses in observance of the Church or the Church against the Theatre.

"Do you look upon those who would hold the day sacred as a very large portion of the community?"

"I do; but even if they were only a minor portion, why shouldn't we make a concession? For my part, I hope the theatres will always keep to their determination of this year. I think that the habit of keeping Good Friday is growing and extending among all classes of religious people, and I look upon the action of the managers as a courteous concession to that feeling. I do not say that the Theatre should champion the Church, or the Church champion the Theatre; but there is no necessity for antagonizing the Theatre against the Church or the Church against the Theatre. The Theatre and the Church will both be benefited by being brought nearer each other; yet when the Church attempts to take the place of the Theatre it becomes a nuisance, and when the Theatre essays the characteristics of a Church it becomes a bore."

The Rev. Dr. Houghton, of the Little Church Around the Corner, expressed himself as highly pleased with the action of the managers. "Although I believe that no one possessed with the proper regard for the day would go to a theatre," he said, "still it is just as well that they have not the chance to go. The theatres certainly get their support in great measure from respectable people. They therefore show respect to that element in closing, even if they have no respect whatever for the day and the event which it commemorates. In this they would consult merely their own interests. It is greatly to Father Ducey's credit that he has attained the end he has so long sought, and I rejoice with him in it."

John Stetson, when asked his reason for closing, said: "I think the closing up a good thing, for the theatres would not have made much money if they had kept open. It is hard to contend with the religious principles of a people, as Abbey found out in his connection with the production of *The Passion Play*. Another thing that might be overlooked in this matter is the fact that actors ought to have one day of rest in the year, and that day a week day."

E. E. Rice, when spoken to on the subject of closing on Good Friday, said: "I am always in favor of anything that tends to make people better and to elevate and enoble them. I cheerfully consented to close when I heard that the other houses were to do so. Although the closing will be a financial loss to me, still, if it does an equal amount of good to the public as compared to the loss, I am more than satisfied."

Ben Teale: "From a practical point of view, I think the idea of closing on Good Fri-

day night is an excellent one for the manager of the local house, and an extremely bad one for the combination which is so unfortunate as to visit the city at that time."

W. R. Hayden, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, stated that in his experience Good Friday was the worst day in the whole year for the theatres in New York City, although out-of-town it was not so bad. "A great many people will applaud the managers for this movement," he said. "Yet in Canada, where people are supposed to be very strict religionists, extra matinee performances are given on that day and they are the biggest financially in the whole year."

When seen by a MIRROR representative, Manager Miner said: "My reason for closing on Good Friday is that there seems to be a general desire on the part of city managers to do so, and I am always willing to do anything that the majority think is right. I am, I think, the heaviest loser of all. I close my Brooklyn theatre, being the only manager in that city to do this, in spite of the fact that it is claimed to be more religious even than New York, and I have consented to give the combination playing at the People's Theatre the gross receipts of Thursday night as their share for Friday evening. They held that they were not being treated in equity, according to the terms on which the contract had been signed."

"The strongest reason for my closing is the fact that there are a number of Episcopalians and Catholics who like to respect the day. I don't see how a little amusement in the evening would do any harm after a day devoted to worship; but, then, everybody has his own way of thinking. I think, though, that the managers ought to get together and act to be allowed to give performances on Easter Sunday night, seeing they have observed Good Friday, for then Lent will be over and it will be a season of general rejoicing."

Samuel Colville: "I am out of the theatres now, and therefore cannot say much; but I would like to remark that I think it would be a very good idea now to arrange to have all the regular combination and stock houses to stop performances next Good Friday night, and, instead, give a grand performance for the benefit of the Actors' Fund."

Townsend Percy: "Of course the closing is absurd in one sense. I am surprised that some speculative manager did not corral the actors who will be idle on Friday night and the Academy of Music with a strong and varied bill."

Daniel Frohman: "I think the closing a very good thing and a graceful concession on the part of the theatrical managers of this city to that part of the people who hold the day sacred. For my part, I believe it should be held sacred from amusement more even than Sunday, which should be a day of recreation. I hope that it will be the beginning of a move on the part of the Government to give the people more holidays. We are hard workers—we Americans—and actually have fewer holidays than any country in the world."

Bartley Campbell: "There was not the slightest agitation over the subject of closing on Good Friday night by the theatres, and for that reason I do not see how it can be claimed to be a popular movement, or that the public desire it. There was not the slightest expression of public opinion on the subject, and I look upon the whole thing as a piece of bungling on the part of a few people. To show you how the day is regarded, let me say that but one State in the Union—Pennsylvania—has made it a holiday, and that our West is one of the best theatrical days in the year."

"Mr. Lester Wallack has always been in favor of closing the theatres on Good Friday," said Arthur Wallack, "but he could not do it without some concerted action on the part of all the managers. He had no right to come before the other managers and ask them to shut their doors because he desired to close his. I look upon the closing as a graceful concession—even though it be but to a small portion of the community—and I think the day should be closed on the one day of the year on which the theatre should be closed."

When questioned on the subject, Mr. A. M. Palmer spoke as follows: "The Madison Square Theatre has always closed, and would have closed this year, even if the others didn't. I consider the act only a reasonable concession to the feelings of a very large part of the community."

"Do you look upon those who would hold the day sacred as a very large portion of the community?"

"I do; but even if they were only a minor portion, why shouldn't we make a concession? For my part, I hope the theatres will always keep to their determination of this year. I think that the habit of keeping Good Friday is growing and extending among all classes of religious people, and I look upon the action of the managers as a courteous concession to that feeling. I do not say that the Theatre should champion the Church, or the Church champion the Theatre; but there is no necessity for antagonizing the Theatre against the Church or the Church against the Theatre. The Theatre and the Church will both be benefited by being brought nearer each other; yet when the Church attempts to take the place of the Theatre it becomes a nuisance, and when the Theatre essays the characteristics of a Church it becomes a bore."

The Rev. Dr. Houghton, of the Little Church Around the Corner, expressed himself as highly pleased with the action of the managers. "Although I believe that no one possessed with the proper regard for the day would go to a theatre," he said, "still it is just as well that they have not the chance to go. The theatres certainly get their support in great measure from respectable people. They therefore show respect to that element in closing, even if they have no respect whatever for the day and the event which it commemorates. In this they would consult merely their own interests. It is greatly to Father Ducey's credit that he has attained the end he has so long sought, and I rejoice with him in it."

John Stetson, when asked his reason for closing, said: "I think the closing up a good thing, for the theatres would not have made much money if they had kept open. It is hard to contend with the religious principles of a people, as Abbey found out in his connection with the production of *The Passion Play*. Another thing that might be overlooked in this matter is the fact that actors ought to have one day of rest in the year, and that day a week day."

E. E. Rice, when spoken to on the subject of closing on Good Friday, said: "I am always in favor of anything that tends to make people better and to elevate and enoble them. I cheerfully consented to close when I heard that the other houses were to do so. Although the closing will be a financial loss to me, still, if it does an equal amount of good to the public as compared to the loss, I am more than satisfied."

Ben Teale: "From a practical point of view, I think the idea of closing on Good Fri-

day night is an excellent one for the manager of the theatres of this city alone, but all the credit attaching to the closing of their places of amusement on that one night of all the year. I merely suggested, and they acted on my words, so that without their cheerful correspondence my efforts would have been fruitless."

"I hope and believe that this will establish a more amicable feeling than ever between the public and the theatres, for where such respect is shown toward each other's feelings it is more than anything else the spirit of the broad Christian feeling that knows no sects and no prejudices."

Dr. Felix Adier was seen by THE MIRROR in the office of the Kindergarten of which he is the director. "In Germany," he said, when the object of the interviewer's inquiry was made clear to him, "the theatres are all open on Good Friday, as are the schools. In the latter the Catholic children and teachers, however, are allowed to absent themselves. As to the policy of closing the theatres here, I should say that would depend entirely on the religious feelings of the managers and the members of the company playing at his house."

"I see no disrespect to the religious belief of Christians in keeping open for those who desire to attend the theatres. If the number of people who desire to go is sufficiently large to warrant keeping the theatres open, I think they should be kept open. I don't think that it is the duty of managers to enforce the observance of religious holidays upon the public."

"My opinion regarding the closing up of the theatres on Good Friday is that it is a good idea," said Edward Aronson to a MIRROR reporter. "For instance, in the Casino here we employ nearly 300 people, and it is the only chance in the whole year, on a week day, that they have for devotion. Good Friday, as a holy day, ranks above all the rest, and why shouldn't our employees have the same opportunities for religious observances accorded people in other businesses? If the day is looked upon and observed as holy by the commercial people of the world, why should our theatres stand out?"

Rabbi Gustav Gottschall was seen at the Temple Emmanu El by a MIRROR representative. "The question of closing on Good Friday is one that concerns the Christians, and it is not fit that I should give voice to my opinion whatever on it," he said. "For my own part I would like to see the theatres close every Friday night. If they would do that I would permit them to open on Sunday evenings."

Summer Opera at the Grand.

"The season at the Grand Opera House has been most successful in every respect," said Henry French to a representative of THE MIRROR, "and I think I am quite safe in giving vent to my opinion that I don't think any comedian theatre in the country made more money in the entire season than we did. The receipts for the season have been larger than any ever made by the house under any management. On June 14 the John Timpson Opera company will give *The Mikado* in the theatre for four weeks, with Roland Reed and Alice Harrington as Ko-Ko and Yum-Yum. They were the originals, you know, and I think they will repeat the hit they made at the Union Square Theatre.

"On July 10 the house will be put into comfortable shape for next year by Mr. Gould. A twenty-inch proscenium wall will be built back of the other proscenium wall, and a number of little improvements that have been thought necessary will be added. On August 23 the house will reopen with McHugh, Johnson and Slavin's *Minstrels*."

Professional Doings.

The Pnsser for Life company has closed season.

Smiley Walker is busy heralding the coming of *Fedora*.

In another ten days the circus season will be in full swing.

J. H. Wallick has appeared in *The Bandit King* over 1,350 times.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen will celebrate their silver wedding on April 24.

Blanche Corelli opens a *Mikado* opera season in Baltimore on May 5.

Harry Lee plays under Jacobs and Proctor's management next week.

A new act drop will be placed in the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night.

T. F. McCabe is in town for a week's rest. He is in Joseph Murphy's support.

Graves' Soldier's Trust company opens at Paterson, N. J., on Easter Monday.

Charles H. Hoyt has finished two acts of his latest skit, *A Hole in the Ground*.

The Wages of Sin company closed its season in Cincinnati last Saturday night.

How many professionals who are announced as resting would prefer to work!

Chauncey Olcott will shortly return to Thaxter, Primrose and West's *Minstrels*.

Frank Torrence, in advance of the Midnight Marriage company, is in town for a few days.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

GOOD AS GOLD: Co.; Philadelphia, May 3, 4.
GOOD KING: Indianapolis, 19, week; **AKION**, O., 26, week.
GOLDFINGER'S THEATER: Co.; Brunswick, Mo., 19, week.
GOD WILLIAMS: Taunton, Mass., 22, New Bedford, 23; Fall River, 24; Boston, 25, week.
HELLINE ADAMSON: Co.; Mass., 26, week; New Bedford, 27, 28; week; Dover, N. H., 20, week; Lynn, 21, 22, week.
HAROLD KIRK CO.: N. Y. City, 26, week.
HARVEY'S MINUTE MEN: Co.; Philadelphia, 5, three weeks; Chicago, 26, three weeks; Milwaukee, May 17, week.
HENRY CHANFRAU: Baltimore, 19, week; Lancaster, Pa., 28, 29; Trenton, 30, May 1; Brooklyn, 3, week; Philadelphia, 5, week.
HARRY LACV: Chicago, 19, two weeks.
HARVEY'S COMEDY: Co.; Wilmington, Del., 26, week; Philadelphia, May 3, week.
HOOT OF GOLD: New London, Ct., 26, 27; Taunton, Mass., 30, May 1.
IVY LEAF: Co.; Harlem, 6, week; Hamilton, Ont., May 3; London, 5; Chatham, 5; Detroit, Mich., 6, 7, 8; Ida, 9; New York, 10, week; Cleveland, 10, week.
J. S. MURPHY: Newark, 26, 27, 28.
JAMES O'NEILL'S MONTE CRISTO: Co.; Leadville, 22, week; Denver, 26, week; Lincoln, Neb., May 3; Omaha, 4, 5; Council Bluffs, 6; Des Moines, 7; Burlington, 8.
JOSEPH MURPHY: Providence, 26, 27, 28; New Haven, 29, 30, May 1.
JOHN DILLON: Baltimore, 19, week; Pittsburgh, 26, week; John T. R. Kean's, Chicago, 20, week; Detroit, May 1, 2; East St. Louis, 6; Toledo, 8.
JOHN JEFFERSON: Washington, 19, week; Philadelphia, 26, week; Trenton, N. J., May 4.
J. E. EMMETT: Cleveland, 19, week; Pittsburgh, 26, week; Harlem, May 3, week; Brooklyn, 10, week; Philadelphia, 17, week.
J. B. POLK: San Francisco, 19, two weeks.
JOSEPH PROCTOR: Des Moines, Ia., 21, 22; Cedar Rapids, 23, 24; Washington, 25, 26; Kokomo, 30, May 1.
J. W. JENNINGS: Co.; Troy, 26, week.
JENNIE CALF: Toledo, O., 19, week; Dayton, 26, week; Indianapolis, May 3, week.
JONES-MONTAGUE: Co.; Hornellsville, N. Y., 22; Bradford, 23.
JUNIOR: Boston, 26, week.
J. W. RANSOM: Buffalo, 19, week.
JOHN STAFFORD: Stratford, Conn., 19, week; Simcoe, May 3, week.
KATE CASTLETON: Peoria, Ill., 26.
KETTIE RHOADES: Henderson, N.C., 22, 23, 24; Petersburg, Va., 26, week.
KENDALL'S DRAMATIC: Co.; Augusta, Ga., 19, week; Maco, 26, week.
KINDERGARDEN: Co.; Watertown, N. Y., 22, 23, 24; Utica, 25, 26; Fulton, 27, 28; Baldwinsville, 29, 30.
KATHARINE PUTNAM: Cincinnati, 19, week; Chicago, May 3, week.
KEALY'S SPECTACULAR: Co.; N. Y. City, 19, two weeks; Philadelphia, May 24, two weeks.
KEALY'S KAT-CATCHER: Co.; Chicago, 19, two weeks; Milwaukee, 26, week; St. Paul, May 3, 4, 5; Minneapolis, 6, 7; Cleveland, 10, week; Buffalo, 17, 18, 20.
LAWRENCE HARRETT: Los Angeles, Cal., 26, week; San Francisco, May 4, four weeks.
LESTER EVANS: Oneonta, N. Y., 1, 17; Portland, Me., 22; St. John, N. H., 23; Haifa, N. S., 26, week; Providence, May 3, 5, 6; Woodstock, 7; Hamilton, 8.
LAWIS MORRISON: Co.; Denver, May 6, week.
LITTLE'S WORLD: Co.; Circleville, O., 26, week.
LITTLE NUGGET CO.: Fort Wayne, Ind., May 6, 7, 8.
LILLIE HINTON: Cortland, N. Y., 19, week; Norwich, 26, week; Binghamton, May 3, week.
LOUISE SYLVESTER: Norwalk, Ct., 26, 27; Meriden, 28; Bridgeport, 29, 30, May 1.
LOTTA BOAT: 26, week; Philadelphia, May 3, week.
LAWNWOOD: Co.; N. Y. City, 19, week.
LOUISE SPENCER: Co.; Taunton, Mass., 22, 23, 24; Lynn, 25, 26, week.
LYDIA THOMPSON: Cincinnati, 19, week; St. Louis, 26, week; Chicago, May 3, two weeks.
LOUISE POMEROY: Montreal, 19, two weeks; Canadas, N. Y., 27, 28; Buffalo, May 3, week.
LONG & COMEDY: Co.; Cleveland, 19, week.
LONG STRIKE: Co.; New Haven, 19, week; Boston, 26, week.
LOTT AND WILLIAMS: Co.; New London, Ct., 22; Boston, Mass., May 2.
LOUIS BALFE: Philadelphia, 26, week.
LIZZIE MAN ULMER: Pittsburgh, 19, week; Baltimore, 26, week; Columbus, May 2, week; Cleveland, 10, week.
MARGARET MATHER: Lewiston, Me., 22; Augusta, 23; Waterville, 24; Bangor, 25, 27; Portsmouth, N. H., 28; Worcester, 29, 30; Brattleboro, Vt., 30; Burlington, May 1; St. Albans, 3; Rutland, 4; Adams, Mass., 5; Troy, N. Y., 6; Saratoga, 7; Poughkeepsie 8; Pittsfield, Mass., 10; Glens Falls, N. Y., 11; Amsterdam, 12; Gloversville, 13; Albany, 14, 15.
MARY ANDERSON: Chicago, 26, week; Boston, May 3, week; N. Y. City, 17, week.
Mrs. JOHN DE EW: Richmond, Va., 26, 27; Lynchburg, 28, 29; Norfolk, 30, May 1; Washington, 3, week; Philadelphia, 10, week.
MODESTA: Chicago, 19, week; Wilmington, 26; Trenton, N. J., 27; Plainfield, 28; Orange, 29; Newark, 30, May 1.
MILTON NOBLES: Waco, Tex., 22; Ft. Worth, 23; Sherman, 24, 25; Dallas, 26, 27; Denison, 28; Sherman, 29, 30; Fort Worth, 31; Waltham, 26; Chelsea, 29; Wethersfield, 27; Lowell, 28; Wethersfield, 29; New Haven, 30; Hartford, 31; New Haven, 32; Stamford, 33; New Haven, 34; New Haven, 35; Stamford, 36; New Haven, 37; New Haven, 38; New Haven, 39; Stamford, 40; New Haven, 41; New Haven, 42; New Haven, 43; Stamford, 44; New Haven, 45; Stamford, 46; New Haven, 47; Stamford, 48; New Haven, 49; Stamford, 50; New Haven, 51; Stamford, 52; New Haven, 53; Stamford, 54; New Haven, 55; Stamford, 56; New Haven, 57; Stamford, 58; New Haven, 59; Stamford, 60; New Haven, 61; Stamford, 62; New Haven, 63; Stamford, 64; New Haven, 65; Stamford, 66; New Haven, 67; Stamford, 68; New Haven, 69; Stamford, 70; New Haven, 71; Stamford, 72; New Haven, 73; Stamford, 74; New Haven, 75; Stamford, 76; New Haven, 77; Stamford, 78; New Haven, 79; Stamford, 80; New Haven, 81; Stamford, 82; New Haven, 83; Stamford, 84; New Haven, 85; Stamford, 86; New Haven, 87; 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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Happiness Reigns Once More.

The falling out of faithful friends
Brewing is of love.
While THE MIRROR steadily refuses to mix
itself up in the domestic troubles of actors,
considering these things as strictly private
property, yet it is always a pleasure to see
married folk, who have met with one of those
bumpy twists in the marital skein that must
either be unravelled or cut, patiently unwind
the knot and roll it all up tighter than ever.
So one of THE MIRROR staff called upon the
re-united pair at their pretty home on Lexington
avenue, and found them, as Mrs. Solomon
said, "enjoying another honeymoon."
Both the parties concerned unite in saying
that their late quarrel was "simply idiotic"
and without the least shadow of a cause, save
what was trumped up by the outside interfer-
ence of some people who would not mind their
own business. There is an old ditty which
would aptly fit the mouth of many a discon-
solate husband and many a miserable wife; it
goes somewhat like this:

"Makin' of all the old women that ever I saw
There's never had luck to my—

but we won't mention the exact relationship.
The reader can fill the gap for himself.

The fair wife declared, looking pale and
worn-out with fretting: "Never again will I
listen to any one who says a word against my
husband. He is and always has been good
and kind to me, and in future I live but for
him and my baby." The pair are now steadily
settled down to work in double harness, each
dowding his and her own share of the load,
Lillian as singer and Edward as composer,
and they express themselves truly grateful to
J. M. Hill, for whom they say it is a pleasure
to work, and who has been to this clever couple
not only an appreciating and encouraging
chaperone, but also a kind and considerate
friend in the time of trouble. The temporary
parting has been a salutary lesson to both
Lillian and Edward, for they have been in-
tensely miserable. In fact, Mrs. Solomon was
threatened with a serious illness, and Solomon
went about like a lost sheep, though he tried
hard to put a good face on the matter. The
reconciliation took place after the matinee last
Sunday, when the pair met in the
theatre, to discuss matters relative to
Lillian, the baby girl who links these
two together. They talked, cried, kissed
and danced together, and Hill departed to join
his company out of town, contented and with
a genial smile and the farewell remark:
"No more wanted here. I'm off to my
company." The employees of the Union Square
Theatre are all jubilant over the good turn
things have taken, and the happy prima donna
exclaims, looking round her pleasant rooms
(the furniture of which has been bought and
paid for by herself, all reports to the contrary
notwithstanding): "I have made my home and
brought my bride back." Anyone can see that
Lillian away from Edward is a totally different
being from Lillian with Edward by her side,
for while the conjugal horizon was cloudy the
prima donna was dull and her voice lacked
mold; but with the clearing up of the trou-
ble the voice cleared also, and now she "war-
ns us 'tware any nightingale," while Edward
waves his haton with the air of a victorious
general who can say, with pardonable egot-
ism, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Professional Doings.

Charles Bowser has purchased the sole
right to the United States and Canada of Howard
Conway's comedy-drama in a prologue and
three acts, entitled The Golden Calf. The piece
is an English success, having been given in
London for 500 nights at three theatres. Mr.
Bowser is engaged in filling time for its pro-
duction next season, and is also negotiating
for a New York opening. He will himself
appear in the principal comedy part, and the
play will be produced under the immediate
supervision of the author.

An Adamless Edie performance was given
in Flint, Mich., one night last week. The
Aldermen of the town have heretofore exacted
eighteen admission tickets at all performances
in lieu of a license. On this occasion printed
cards over two feet square were issued, read-
ing thus: "Adult Alderman — and Lady
Duchess. Good if presented at the door
without defacement or soiling." None of the
Aldermen attended the performance, but they
imposed a license of \$10. They are now con-
sidering a figure as a permanent license.

A. S. Phillips will next season put on the
comedy, a new burlesque of which he is the
author. The piece will be very elaborate, Mr.
Phillips having secured the financial backing
necessary to this end. He is the inventor of
several novel features that have been appro-
priated by stars in farce-comedy, and all of
which have been successful. In the burlesque,
Mr. Phillips will elaborate his specialties, and
in some of them will be assisted by his clever
children, boy and girl, aged respectively
eight and five years.

On the 20th representation of Evangeline
at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on Friday,
April 20, E. E. Rice will lead the orchestra.
At 11:35 o'clock, immediately after the
performance, he will leave the city for All-
ston, Mass., where his father and mother cele-
brate their golden wedding the following day.
At 10 o'clock in the morning of Saturday he
will take breakfast with his parents, and at
1 o'clock he will leave them, taking the train
for this city. Precisely at 7 o'clock he will be
in New York, and at 8—attired in full dress
and with a cold perspiration bespangling his
brow—he will again lead the orchestra on the
occasion of the testimonial benefit tendered
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him. In her wilfulness she seemingly forgets all that

he has done for her, and is hurried into various breaches of his orders. She grows up surrounded by those of the softening influences of home; an imperious little queen over strong men, unacquainted with the

amenities of conventional life, she wanders at will through the redwood forests, a mistress of witchcraft, an

unerring rifleshooter, a matchless performer on those joys of the Indian camp, the red and violin, her

riches of her bazaar, and decorated Pinto Indian, her constant companions. She lives a life of freedom and thoughtless enjoyment until the intrusion of a party of

fashionable strangers startle the seclusion of Bachelor's Gulch, as her home is called, and awakens Chispa to the

fact that there are women better taught than she and more polished than she. Her new attire, however, is delighted with the address and manners of those of them, and she is not

undertaken the aversion shown by her guardian, Zeke Stevens. This springs from two causes: Zeke now

cognizes in the object of Chispa's sudden admiration

the son of an old enemy who left him, Chispa, and her

mother to perish on the plains when on the way to California in '49, and he is also fired by jealousy, for Zeke

has grown to love the little girl he saved from the

desert. The competition is the groundwork of the drama.

When Zeke seeks to drive young Chispa and her party

from the camp Chispa espouses their cause, and defies

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